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# Congo News Letter

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JANUARY 1953

# CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLIV January 1953 No. 1

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# Congo News Letter

## *FOR THIS CAUSE*

B. W. ARMSTRONG

WE have just returned from a rather long trip in which we visited our four Kwango stations and also had a side trip to some of the Swedish Baptist stations across the Kasai river. Such a trip is always a joy mixed with profound regrets. For me it is a joy just to get out of Léopoldville, out of the office and into contact with old friends on the mission stations. It renews me in heart, mind, and spirit: How can one picture the Congo scene as it is to those who are interested but have had to live out their lives in Europe or the United States?

"For this Cause" the mission has accepted the responsibility of educating some thirty-five thousand children at least through primary and elementary school. After that our kids have to look to the Catholics for the greater part, or forego further education. This is one of our profound regrets. In any case the missionaries have set themselves to the task with high hopes (and fingers crossed). The State will help with money for teachers, with money for buildings and money for running the school but always in part only. The Mission still has to put up a lot on their own. But when we see the school children both on the stations and out in the villages we know that we are going right on straining every resource to keep them in our own schools. We can say with Paul: "For this cause I faint not" but even so one can get very tired in body without being faint hearted. Too many of our missionaries are carrying over-loads trying to give our kids a chance in life.

At Kikongo Lewis Brown is burning the candle at both ends, or possibly he cut the thing in two and lighted all four ends. In any case he is running the Bible school, doing his own building as he goes along, putting up a new ward at the hospital, making trips with the truck to haul freight to Boko, and taking an active part in the evangelistic work. We are hoping that the Bible School will develop into a full pastors' training school on a Congo level.

That means we shall seek candidates who have finished elementary school. So far we have been having trouble recruiting full classes. The ministry is a poorly paid profession out here and youngsters look at our faithful old pastors and feel the call to medical work or to school work. This is another of our profound regrets. Vanga is our only station that has a full complement of trained pastors, the other stations take whoever is willing to do the work. In spite of poor leadership the church is making progress, new members are being added, in some cases by the thousands, older churches express concern over unoccupied areas giving increases. We do need the kind of awakening which will cause our most capable young men to say "For this cause I give myself."

At Boko they have just finished a new school house and every one is very happy. While we were there, they were nailing the aluminum sheets of roofing material in place. The glare was bad and I asked Phil Uhlinger to wear a hat and put on dark glasses. His reply was that the native men working with him did not have a hat to put on and did not own any dark glasses. I appreciate his spirit and still think he should protect his eyes. Ater all, there are very few blondes among the native workmen. Things are picking up at Boko but they have a long way to go before their field will be occupied. This will not take place until the Bayaka fit themselves for service and then resolutely carry out that service. A few more missionaries and a lot more devoted and capable Bayaka on the job would take care of most of their problems. For this cause I bow my knees in prayer and supplication.

Moanza is a beautiful place from which to watch the sunsets, it is also a place in which to get frustrated trying to repair cars when one is not a mechanic and does not have mechanical aptitude. The Ford pick-up was sitting alongside the road as we went in and the Chevrolet was occupying its side of the garage. It is a very nice garage but the Chevvy should not spend all its time just sitting there. Ted Bubeck had done his best, enlisted the help of a few neighbors (20 to 50 miles away) and still Moanza had no transportation. We managed to get the Chevvy running but the thing still got hot under the radiator when forced out to tackle the Moanza hills. The Ford came in under propulsion of the chauf-

feur but vented its spite by going through the rear end of the garage when the brakes failed. This morning we heard Moanza on the radio and learned that Dorothy Wiseman is still on crutches but able to get to the hospital both morning and afternoon. Her trouble came when a goat rammed her bicycle and she turned an ankle. She spent some weeks in bed with her hospital staff coming to the bedside daily for instructions. Moanza is a beautiful place in which to absorb something of the spirit of Christ which constrains its inhabitants.

At Vanga Chet and Margaret Jump have both the church and school work, either job being enough for full time for two families. We made a visit to see some of the district schools where they are concentrating fifth and sixth year classes. It was a stirring sight. At one place the ninety odd kids marched around in a line and each one deposited an egg at the feet of Margaret Jump while singing at the top of their voices: "Complete our happiness by accepting this little gift." The spirit of giving is more prevalent at Vanga than it is in other places. Vanga churches support their own schools and so far have not presented any of the off-station schools for state inspection. All of them would qualify if presented. In a couple of years we shall have 1500 school children finishing elementary school in the Vanga district alone, so something must be done to help at least some of them to get up a bit higher than 6th grade. The local church is going to support a manual training school, and an office workers' class will be started on the station. It will help some. Vanga always more than fills their quota for the medical, teachers' and pastors' training schools. Chet Jump tells us that before the end of the year they will have received more than six thousand into the church by baptism. Think of the new pastors, buildings, schools, churches, and medical services needed for the families of that many new Christians. On Sunday morning we went down to the river bank and watched while 115 youngsters from the top classes were baptised. When the group were giving their testimonies in the church, one of them said "I have been a follower but now I am going to be a FULL TIME CHRISTIAN".

For this cause we faint not.

# *WORKING TOGETHER*

ROLAND G. METZGER

THE anunual meeting of the Congo Protestant Council was held this year at the lovely station of the African Inland Mission at Blukwa. The Council normally meets at Léopoldville, the capital of the Belgian Congo, where its headquarters are. But at the special invitation of the African Inland Mission the councillors gathered at Blukwa, in the highlands of north-east Congo. The station is ideally suited for a conference, with the cool freshness of nearly 6500 feet of altitude and abundance of fresh foods, and a hospitality unsurpassed.

The spirit which is the Congo Protestant Council was more evident this year than usual even. That spirit, which may be expressed in: One Lord, One Message, and One Task; is the reason for the C.P.C. In 1902 the first Congo General Conference met, with missionary delegates coming from most of the missions then working in Congo. The writer's father, as a young first termer, attended the second meeting in 1906. Out of these meeting came the Congo Protestant Council, which is the voluntary association of more than thirty missions, nearly all those having work in Congo. These missions represent more than seven countries of Europe and America, and the missionaries speak more than six different languages (even if one does not distinguish between English and American).

Consulting together, advising, and helping one another, the missions work together for the building of the Church of Christ in Congo. With a country the size of the Belgian Congo there is no need for overlapping. Each mission has assumed responsibility for certain areas. As expansion becomes possible to meet growing needs it is undertaken only after consultation with neighboring missions. In the colony of a country so predominantly Roman Catholic as Belgium, it is necessary that our evangelical testimony be a united one. In our relationship with the government the voice of evangelical missions is one voice, and as such has come to carry great weight. Important advances have been possible toward gain-

ing full equality for our Congo Protestant Christians. The full-time secretary chosen by the missions acts as an intermediary between mission and mission, missions and government, and missions and other international Christian organizations. His office in a central clearing house for information of all sorts which will benefit the carrying on of our common task.

The problems discussed at this year's meeting were many and varied. The need for revival was a burden on the heart of each councillor, and evidences of the working of the Spirit, especially in Ruanda-Urundi and the Ubangi areas, were received with joy and thanksgiving. A call to united prayer has been issued to all member missions and their staffs, both European and African.

The need for a continued effort to raise the standards of our Mission schools was discussed. Attention was also given to the serious problem of the thousands of boys and girls, children of our Protestant Christians, for whom there are no or else very inadequate educational facilities, and who, as a result ,are going to the Roman Catholic schools. This means that usually they will be lost as far as any hope of their taking places as future leaders of our churches.

The shifting of population to urban centers was discussed, and the necessity of increased effort in the developing of work in these centers. Very few of the very large cities have as yet an adequate evangelical mission program.

The devotional talks by Mr. Allen (A.P.C.M.), this year's president of the Council; Dr. Watson of the British and Foreign Bible Society; Mr. Driver, Secretary of the Congo Inland Mission; and Miss Shank, Secretary of the Women's Board of the American Baptist Mission; were high points of the meeting. The closing service, when we met together around the Lord's table, was visible evidence of our Oneness in Christ, which is the reason for and the motivating force of the Council.

One event which no one attending the meetings will ever forget was the Sunday morning service in the Blukwa church. The large building was packed, with people sitting and standing outside. It was a lovely service, with a fine message by Dr. Watson,

translated by Mr. Stough of the A.I.M. But that which made such a deep impression was the introduction by Mr. Stough of the visiting missionaries.

Each one was asked, as their name was called and the area and Mission from which they came was announced, to stand and give the usual greeting in the African language which was used in their area. We heard Kikongo, Lingala, Bangala, Tshiluba, Swahili, and many other languages. Yet, there we sat together, in God's House, praying to One God, in the name of One Saviour, led there by One Spirit. We looked about us, at our African brethren, their faces and ours lighted by the smiles of brother to brother.

As we separated at the close of the meetings, each one returned to his tasks renewed in spirit because of the days spent in fellowship and in talking over together our common problems. The C.P.C. is not a legislative body, but a Council, a means for consultation and for mutual benefit, to the end that at His Name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Christ is Lord indeed.

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## *STAY-AT-HOME-LEOPOLDVILLE*

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

LEOPOLDVILLE missionary staff is three. Two travel and write reports. One stays put.

September and October "We" inspected the Kwango.

September and October "We" were inspected, among other things.

The beginning and end of this tale is that one person cannot do everything. Spread yourself as thin as you can, depend on others to more than the full limit, close your eyes to the less important — one person is only one person.

If it were just physical work that were involved, it could be done, by someone. The refrain of Léopoldville is not only that of

physical work; it is rather, the continual meeting of government officials; the continual planning in three departments — school, church, dispensary; the continual presence as a leader; the continual awareness of the needs of the people and your inability to do more.

Nor is this philosophy. It is fact.

September the 16th the Armstrongs left for the Kwango. I was left here alone at Léopoldville. I should say that it is not alone with over 200,000 Congolese as your neighbors. Nor with a school population of over 600. Nor with a church family of over 1400. Not alone with the pastor and the deacons and the teachers. The loneness comes when they look to you for being the ultimate fount of all wisdom and knowledge and authority, and for being responsible for the work and the pe ·ple in the eyes of the government.

That first weekend we went to Ngombe village for the annual Thanksgiving service. We went in the rain, over bad roads. We had a thrilling service — baptism, pageants by the school children, two guest preachers, communion, but it was late when we got home. And we hoped for a peaceful week in which to plan for our own Thanksgiving service. Those were the days when I still tired easily, after my treatment at Johannesburg, and Monday I had just one desire — to sit down.

And the government inspector came that day, to inspect the school.

He stayed five days, over two days of which were spent writing his report in my office. Every day I spent with him. After he left each day we had our other work to catch up on. Lesson preparation, discipline problems, prayer meetings, pageant rehearsals. Wednesday night Lubikulu, (the pastor), the deacons and I examined candidates for baptism. And I went to sleep, sitting up with my head against a brick wall. Lubikulu said," Let her sleep. She is having a hard time these days."

The second weekend was quiet. There were just the usual four services, plus four sections of junior church, and the organ. Then we settled down in earnest to preparing for our own Thanksgiving service, scheduled for the next weekend. Pageant, choir

baptism. Palm branches to decorate the church. Clean the baptistry. Wash the church. Prepare church envelopes. Baptismal robes. Pageant costumes. Build up the stage in the outside court. Pageant rehearsals. Church meeting. Not all of this did I have to do. All of it was my responsibility. Plus the daily program of school and dispensary.

Wednesday morning of that week in walked a government nurse for the medical inspection of the school and children. She stayed the rest of the week and most of the next. And I had to be with her all the time.

The third weekend was our Thanksgiving service. It was a great day, with baptism service in the morning and a guest preacher, and our outdoor service and pageant in the afternoon. In the midst of it all came a hard thunderstorm.

Then the following week we returned to finish the medical examination. And the routine of the work took us over completely. In between times, pay bills, readress mail, supervise exam for Kimpese and Banza Manteke, go to bank. The sheer multitude of details followed me back to the lonely mission houses. Check on white ants, on leaking pipes, on the workmen mending the roof.

When the Armstrongs came back the 28th of October the whole day was dedicated, in great joy, to the Sabena airport. We could not know whether it would be the noon plane, or the afternoon one, but I insisted on being there.

They go again this weekend, the 9th of November.

And the whole game starts over again.

I ask myself, where is all this leading Léopoldville?

A month ago the church wrote a letter to the church of Banza Manteke, asking for qualified teachers for the school. They got the welcome answer that some will come. Now they want to know if it will help any to write to the churches of America asking for more missionaries.

Will it ?

# NURSING EDUCATION IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

DR. GLEN W. TUTTLE

IT is only necessary for a doctor to serve one term in the Congo to come to the realisation that never can the more advanced countries of the world furnish enough doctors and nurses to care for all the sick, the percentage of which is higher than in many other lands because of the lack of public and personal hygiene. One is quickly forced to the conclusion that the only solution is to train a group of Congolese medical workers to care for their own people. With the example of the Great Physician as a guide it is only natural that the various Christian missions working in the Congo should include this training as an integral part of their program. Motivated by the above factors the A.B.F.M.S. opened on February 1, 1933 a school of nursing at Sona Bata — the second protestant one in the colony.

The first class consisted of four younger men and an older one, Timothy Mfiengi, who had already spent many years in medical work and had graduated in 1911 as a member of the first class to complete the pastor's course at Kimpese. In the very beginning classes met in the dining room and on the veranda of the doctor's residence. Later a one room building which had been erected to provide sleeping quarters for eight school boys was appropriated as a school house. Still later two rooms of our hospital diet kitchen were taken over as classrooms. Even though funds were made available in 1935 it did not seem wise to build a special classroom building in view of the fact that the training of African nurses seemed more like an intermission rather than a one-mission task.

All courses with the exception of two hours a week in religion had to be taught in French. With comparatively little material available the staff members had to laboriously prepare most of their notes. Due to lack of proficiency in French a whole evening was often spent in translating from English enough material for

one lesson. Since the students were also lacking in their knowledge of this foreign language they could not absorb more than one half of a type-written page. While progress was gradual we were eventually able to hand to the various teachers mimeographed or typed courses, thus greatly simplifying the preparation of lesson material.

In order to better plumb the depths of the hearts of our students it was decided to teach the two courses in religion in the local African language of Kikongo. Through the years doctrine and personal evangelism have been stressed, thus giving the future nurses a better foundation for their own faith and emphasizing the necessity of passing it on to their patients. Our primary aim has been to stimulate an interest in the salvation of the souls of those to whom they minister.

With only 17 hours a week being spent in the classroom our students have been able to get a great deal of practical experience, working in the hospital and the dispensary. This is essential since many of our graduates must staff rural dispensaries where they have to take over the functions of a doctor between his visits in the making of diagnoses and the outlining of treatments. Many hours are spent in the operating and delivery rooms as well as the wards. Members of the class about to graduate have taken charge of an average of 75 confinements, thus making them reasonably efficient, and giving them considerable confidence as they go forth to handle cases on their own.

With few exceptions we are proud of the 79 who have received diplomas. In securing recent accurate information we have been surprised to find 35 % still active in our mission hospitals and dispensaries, all except four in our A.B.F.M.S. field. The following table shows where our graduates are serving to-day :

| | |
|---|---|
| Government hospitals and dispensaries | 35 |
| Mission hospitals and dispensaries | 28 |
| Industrial hospitals and dispensaries | 12 |
| Red Cross hospital | 1 |
| Housewife | 1 |
| Retired | 1 |
| Died with pulmonary tuberculosis | 1 |

The only three women graduate nurses in the Congo Belge were trained in our school. They are all married and have families but one is running a dispensary as a part of our church program in Leopoldville and another is working there in the railroad dispensary. The third is the housewife mentioned above having married one of our graduates.

Even before the A.B.F.M.S. opened its school for nurses it was recognized that one mission alone could not provide the staff and funds necessary to develop outstanding Christian nurses and keep abreast with modern methods. As early as December 1930 a group of B.M.S. and A.B.F.M.S. doctors met at Kimpese to consider the possibility of developing a union hospital and medical training center there. When the A.B.F.M.S. Conference decided in 1932 to establish a school of nursing at Sona Bata it invited the British Baptist and the Swedish Covenant missions to join them but neither could see its way clear to participate at that time.

It was in 1944 that at a meeting of representatives of the above three missions the important question of a union effort in medical education was revived. After considerable investigation and study it was definitely decided at a meeting of representatives of the following five missions in February 1949 to build a new modern hospital at Kimpese, the primary purpose of which is to train several types of African medical workers envisaging the possibility of someday turning out full fledged doctors.

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society
Baptist Missionary Society of England
Christian and Missionary Alliance
Disciples of Christ Congo Mission
Svenska Mission Forbundet of Sweden

That hospital was opened last July first and in January of this year the A.B.F.M.S. school of nursing was transferred to Kimpese where it was absorbed by the larger cooperative enterprise. Please pray that the Protestant Medical Institute of Kimpese may truly radiate the spirit of Christ, the Master Healer, and become a source of fine, outstanding lay leaders of the "Church of Christ in Congo."

# *ON THE BUSH TRAIL WITH THE GOSPEL*

MARTIN S. ENGWALL

PEOPLE at home with their cars speeding them on at 60, 70 and 80 miles per hour over multiple-lane highways will find it difficult to believe that there are still places on earth where the only means of travel is by foot over narrow paths up and down hills and even high mountains. Yet in our Banza Manteke field that is still the mode for travel for village visitation.

At our other stations missionaries now go mostly by truck when they travel but in this hilly field we can only go to some of the church centers by car and for village visitation we are still limited to travel on foot. I said limited but there is another side to this. What is more glorious than to start out on a long hike on a beautiful morning along a trail that now leads over endless prairies and now" over the hills and far away", through shady forests and cool streams where one can stop for a refreshing dip and a rest. Then too think of all the people one gets a chance to talk with going by foot that those who whizz by in their trucks miss. So this is not a complaint, merely a statement of fact.

There are no hotels or restaurants along the way so one must bring everything along. What a job it is to get the loads ready ! I have a list where I check off each item but even then there are slips made that are near disastrous at times when far from home and you find some essential article missing.

I had asked the chief for 10 carriers for myself and Timotio Vingadio, our evangelist, but by the time I was ready to start only five had come. Since I had sent the itinerary ahead to the villages I decided to start out anyway, with the bare essentials. That night we slept in the village of Kumbi where there is no village teacher and the people were very happy for the privilege of having gospel meetings. They were so happy and appreciative that it was a joy to deliver the message and when at the close I gave the invitation there were six who came forward, two of whom had been out of church for about twenty years. One woman said :" I have been rather careless with my life and you know the reputation I have

among you but from now on I am going to stay close to Jesus and follow him in my daily living." What a joy such a testimony brings to the missionary's heart !

Next day I started out ahead of my carriers as they were busy eating the food the villagers had cooked for them and it was a most invigorating walk on a ridge where I could see far off, and later the path led through deep forest and up a steep hill to Lutadudulu our goal for that day. Here it was Timotio's turn to give the message and he did so in a masterful way. Next day we found there was no deaconess in the church so we helped them conduct an election with secret ballot and a young woman was the overwhelming choice of the people. She was modest and did not at first want to accept the responsibility but she finally accepted it in a most humble way and said she would do her best. In this village too there were several decisions for Christ.

Our next village, Ndemba, is one of our large villages. Daniel Mateka met us on the edge of the village and received us most gracefully. He is a retired railroad man, a big man in his community, whom I had the joy of leading back to Christ some years ago. At that time he was drinking and asked me the question. "Do you really think the good Lord would close the pearly gates for me just because I take a glass of beer now and then ?" I told him I was not going to answer a question that really was for God to answer, but that he had a great responsibility in being the important man of his village. He had been Dr. Leslie's helper as a young man and has always been a man of fine character in many ways. I told him the young men of his village looked to him for their example and when they saw him drinking they too would feel justified in doing it. Two months later he wrote me the joyful news that he had given his heart to Jesus and had given up all drink and even quit smoking though that subject had not been brought up. Now he is happy and doing much for the church and in witnessing to others.

I have the church file along and in each village call the name of each member and also the names of the backsliders and ask each one a question about his spiritual life and in this way many are led back to the Lord.

Timotio and I are overwhelmed with the warm reception we

are given in every village. It is really touching. After walking in the hot sun and feeling the pinch of the cardiac insuffiency, which the doctors told me I have, the warm reception and friendliness of the people make me forget the hardships of the road and fill my heart with joy and thanksgiving.

Our greatest need is for just such evangelistic tours, only we need more missionaries to divide up the work and do it more often and more thoroughly. Imagine trying to visit 200 villages spread over an area of 5000 square miles and doing it mostly on foot, (at least from the church center out to the different villages) and then the correspondence it takes to keep in touch with the work and keep friends at home informed and interested and then to have to build a big school building, (high school) while trying to carry on the evangelistic work throughout the field. Of course it can't be done by me alone. Oh no, not by a long shot. There is Annis Ford to help and Mary Bonar and my wife and there are our able carpenters and masons but just the same there will be a great responsibility to carry for all of us and we all have our own work to keep up in the meantime. The workers are indeed few and I believe the field is white unto harvest. How wonderful it would be if some Christian carpenter at home would be willing to come and help us for a term of three years or so to get the buildings up that we need so we could all devote ourselves to the work for which we are most fitted and into which we have been called.

But don't think I am complaining. With all the responsibility and heart-ache and the baffling problems there is no place we would rather be, any of us, than just here among these friendly people helping them to a higher level of living, in fact the highest of all — that of a truly Christian life. May God help us so that we ourselves show the way and our lives be in accord with our message.

# *BACK TO ALMA MATER*

RUTH ERICKSON

KIMPESE graduates often write letters and send greetings to their "Mother E.P.I.". When they have the opportunity, they enjoy coming back for a visit. Then they usually try to attend a chapel service. Knowing this, the E.P.I. staff has tried to arrange for such visits to be of mutual value and interest.

On a station like Kimpese, one of the most difficult tasks is conducting an interesting Sunday School. There is no lack of teachers or pupils : but — every student from first year children to the men in the Post Graduate Theology class has 2 hours of Old Testament, 2 hours of New Testament and perhaps 1 hour of personal religion per week : in addition, some have preaching classes, Bible History, Comparative Religions, Geography and History of Bible lands, etc. All monitors have extra practice teaching and model lessons, many of them on Old or New Testament. Then there are Inquirers' Classes, Children's services, daily chapel services and the regular worship services. All the E.P.I. people are in touch with each other every day — in classes, in church, at the spring, in the store and at market. To have the same teachers teaching the same pupils sometimes the same lesson for a S.S. theme that they had less than 3 weeks before as a practice lesson does not prove too satisfactory. And to allow S.S. to become just another class is unthinkable. So the staff decided to omit Sunday School for a time and substitute other forms of service.

One Sunday in each month, Communion takes place during the former S.S. hour. Another Sunday some group — a class or a group of classes — puts on a program. It may be several sermonettes on a special subject by individuals of that group. It may be a dramatization or a musical program. Another Sunday, each missionary couple goes to one of the E.P.I. student villages. The student families in each village gather, fathers, mothers, children. They sit on benches or on the ground, around a fire or in the shade of trees depending on the weather. The service is often "prayer and praise". Some of the testimonies given are stirring, and some help

the missionaries to understand better and appreciate more some of the students. To have a different type of service for another Sunday in the month, some "old grads" were invited back to speak to us all. We invited the older ones, one at a time, — only those who have been and still are engaged in the Lord's work. The plan has worked out satisfactorily.

One of the first was Nzakimwena, who is not an old man but one who is doing a fine work for the British Mission Society. He has not only one church, but supervises a group of churches and spends a lot of time travelling from one to another, often on foot. He first came to E.P.I. as a small child when his father came here to be a student. Years later, he, himself, came as a student, then on once again to take post graduate work. When we called him back to address the whole E.P.I. community, Nzakimwena proved to be an interesting speaker — comparing E.P.I. at all those stages and showing its growth. And he had a real message for the students.

Later, we called Nzakimwena's father, for he too, holds an E. P.I. diploma. Tata Masakidi is getting to be quite old now, but he is still in active service for the British Mission. He told the student he can hardly see to read, but he is so glad he committed to memory so many passages of the Bible which he now can quote. Then we had one of the A.B.F.M.S. old graduates — David Nsiata, who attended the school when it met at Banza Manteke. Some of you may recognize his name, for he played the part of the witch doctor in the film "Bamba". He , too, is aging but still has a lot of his old fire and enthusiasm and the ability to arouse a group to attention. Both these speakers told a lot about the history of E.P.I., — of the difficulties of the old days — and many humorous stories of early student days. And both of them stressed the need for evangelical workers in Congo and voiced a call for more laborers to go out into the fields.

We had, also, Bahelele and Makundikisa of the Swedish Mission Society. They are not old, — they have been at Kimpese within the last ten years for Post Graduate courses — but both are now pastors of large churches; Bahelele at Sundi Lutete and Makundikisa the city church at Matadi. They are very well known by many students and received an enthusiastic welcome.

Then we called on our neighbors at Banza Manteke to let us borrow two of our own alumni from there; Tata Malutama, our kind, gentle old pastor who has served so faithfully so many years. His son, Remy Malutama, is studying in Belgium, together with Tata Masakidi's son Disengomoka. And then, of course, our own Timoteo Vingadio. He is not a visitor, he belongs at E.P.I. He graduated from here many, many years ago, and then stayed on to teach. He taught in Pastors' classes, Monitors' classes and Women's classes. For years, he conducted an early Sunday morning class, presenting Pilgrim's Progress in a way that only he could, for Vingadi is not only a pastor — but an orator — and even an actor. We did not want him to leave E.P.I. even when it became time for him to retire, for Vingadio was even more valuable as an advisor than as a teacher. No one can fully estimate his service as a link between the European staff and the students. But he wanted to return to his own village, to help his own church for his remaining years. Now, when he does "come back", the students hail him joyfully and listen eagerly to his words.

Our invitation to our next E.P.I. grad to come back has gone far. Ndungu, one of the S.M.F. men of the Post Graduate course, has gone beyond Belgian Congo into French territory to carry on the work. We are looking forward to his coming.

All these men have been of value to our student body and faculty. They come as guests and are gladly received by all. A committee was formed to plan for their entertainment. They are met at the station and received in homes of teachers and students. It is specially gratifying to see how many are eager to invite them for meals. Sometimes whole groups will unite for a meal in order to enjoy the presence of the visitor. Of course, the real value has been the inspiration and the challenge that has come from their messages. The students are made to feel that they are part of a "going concern". E.P.I. is not new, but — even with changed programs and new subjects — is still carrying on with the emphasis on "evangelical training". The aim of all teaching is to rouse the students to feel that it is their duty to go out amongst their own people teaching them. And so — bringing back old students who learned here long ago and are still striving to carry on in their Master's service

not only inspires respect for E.P.I. and its graduates, but forges bond of "togetherness" amongst those who come to E.P.I. to learn —and "go forth, teaching".

## *HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHES*

MARGARET AND CHESTER JUMP

WHILE the year since our return to the field has sped by rapidly, it has been so filled with happiness and heartaches, with laughter and tears, with progress and disappointments, that in many ways it seems a much longer period of time.

Happiness, laughter, and progress, yes we have more than our share. The Vanga Church was never stronger. Its witness is growing. More than 6000 will have been baptised by the end of the year and at least that many more new names will have been added to the roll of inquirers who are preparing for baptism. New villages are being won — not so fast as they could be won if Chet were able to visit them — but there are pagan and Catholic chiefs asking for teachers so that their people may know Christ. Chet has spent 187 days in the district, about 1100 hours actually examining the candidates for baptism. It is a gruelling task, monotonous at times exasperating at others, and seemingly never-ending. But it is rewarding too. When on a Sunday morning he can stand with other Christians and see 250, 300, even 400 being baptised at one time, see them joining the worldwide fellowship of Christians, when leter in the morning he joins with them in a Communion service, extends to them the right hand of fellowship, he knows it is worthwhile. Yes, our happiness knows no bounds when we think of the harvest.

And day by day there is the laughter — the sharing of the comical answers of the students with the teachers, the grins that follow Karen as she trots about the station with her Congolese playmates, the smiles that come to our faces as she shouts in Kihungana when a dog runs through the church — Ooo — look at that.

There is the laughter of the school boys as they play volley ball, the hatter of the village people as they build the dam for the baptism-l service. There is the quiet satisfying happiness which we share vith our Congolese leaders and friends as we count our blessings.

For they are many, and day by day we see the progress that is eing made. We can see the growth. Six of our district churches re working now on permanent buildings. Each is to be as large as ur station church which seats 1000. The first Sunday of each nonth, when the people come from their villages to the church enter for Communion there are at least 30,000 people worshipping t our various church centers. We began a teacher training school his year, and are thrilled with the interest of the boys in becoming ood teachers. Next year the Vanga church is establishing its own nanual training school, paying all the expenses. The gifts of the Christians for the fiscal year 1951-52 amounted to 1,900,000 francs. They will be even higher this years. Of this amount 105,000 francs vere given for missionary purposes. 21,000 francs and nine teach-rs were sent to the new station at Boko. One of our fine young nen went to Kikongo to serve in the Bible Institute there. Five thers are going there as students in January to prepare themselves or pastoral work. Others want to go as teachers or nurses and erve the Lord in that way. We look for an enrollment of 6,000 tudents in our regional schools, and 15,000 in the village schools.

Where then, you say, are the heartaches, the tears, the disap-ointments ? Can't you see ? Can't you understand that all this rogress is but an indication of what could be done if we had a few nore missionaries, is but an indication of the tremendous respon-ibility that is ours ? How can one missionary shepherd all these Christians, supervise the work of the pastors, reach the villages vhich are just begging us to come ? How can one missionary sup-rvise the primary education of 20,000 students and try to provide further education for the hundreds who are finishing primary chool and have no place to go ? How can we even think about lanning some sort of program for the women when every day is lled with tasks that cannot be left undone ? That is where the eartaches are — in the villages that ask us to come and we can't; n the boys who want us to help them prepare for Christian service

and we can't; in the women who want help in taking care of their babies, keeping their homes, living the Christian life to its fullest, and we can't help.

And the tears come at night as we lie awake and wonder which of several tasks we will neglect. It isn't easy to make such a decision, to know that you are deliberately making up your mind to neglect something that should be done. The tears come as we try to answer our Christians' question, "Why don't more missionaries come ? We aren't asking for more money and things, we just want more missionaries to teach us so that we can stand on our own feet." And we don't know what to say, for we too wonder why.

The disappointments come too. Promising, fine young lads leave us to enter Catholic schools for an education, and they are lost to our church. Villages tire of waiting for a missionary who can't come, and lose interest. Opportunity after opportunity is lost because there is no one to take advantage of it. Someone is responsible. God hasn't planned it that way that the harvest should be ready and there should be no reapers.

And so it would not be fair if you did not know of the tears too. For there are many as we see the tasks that are left undone. But surely God is calling some of you pastors and teachers to come to this harvest field. And just as surely you cannot refuse.

## *THE GREATEST GIFT*

ALICE JORGENSON

CHRISTMAS went by so quickly and so happily that it was past before we realized it. Gifts were received and put away for future use, and we want to send our thanks to the many friends who had a part in our Christmas. But as we go on into the New Year, The Greatest Gift of all is not put away for safe-keeping. We take Him with us now; a Living Presence whose inward radiance makes bright the darkest day. Our prayer for the coming year is

that Moanza people may take Him and know that He is the Greatest Gift of all Time. As we look back over our lives it is with deep gratitude to God for His leading; for the great privilege of serving Him here; for the confidence that He who has begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

A short time ago a 12 foot crocodile was caught in a fish trap by the river. There was great excitement when the huge beast was brought up to the station. Many of our people, although they live but a few miles from the river, had never seen a "croc" before this one. They are not river folk and do not do much fishing, even though they have very little meat. This was a welcome supplement to their meager diet. When it was to be cut up there was a suppressed note of anxiety among our Christian leaders. We found out that they were fearful that somebody might get away with the bile, which is often used by the witch doctors as a strong fetish and "medicine", to put undesirable people out of the way. They wanted to rope off a place around the crocodile but instead they took him into a fenced-in garden, and only those who were working were allowed inside. Samuel Mfuta was able to get the bile and with great secrecy he brought it into Bubeck's house for safe-keeping. He came back after dark and when nobody was around he threw it away. He said that if someone knew of the spot, they might take the earth that contained the bile and use it.

The first Sunday of April a patient in our hospital had a vital experience. She had come in desperately ill with pneumonia and we almost despaired of her life, but with sulfathiazole and penecillin at hand we were able to help her. Now she was almost well and thinking of going home. Early this Sunday night she was awakened by somebody calling her name: "Mambu, wake up, I have something to say to you. You were nearly dead when you came to the hospital. The Mission has helped you back to health, now you must destroy the fetishes you have in your house, and become a child of God. Your name is to be Mambu Maria." Then came three questions from this voice. First: "When you plant your peanuts which part grows?" Mambu answered: "The heart of the peanut." The voice spoke and said, "Your heart must be like a peanut's heart; it must bring forth new fruit. You were almost dead,

but you have come up like a peanut. The body dies, but the heart must grow to new life and new fruit." Second question: "If a tree is cut down, what happens?" Mambu: "It dies." The Voice: "And you, if you do not wish to be cut down, must not return to your old ways of festish worship in the village." Then she said her heart rejoiced greatly and she called to a woman in the next room to come and pray with her. This woman and her blind mother came, and they sang hymns and prayed till midnight. Mambu said that she awakened all the patients in the ward to sing and pray with them. The blind old lady said that she walked out of her room and into the ward as if she had her eyesight. Never before had she experienced anything like it.

Mambu told me that as a young girl she had wanted to become a Christian, but her heathen relatives persuaded her to take fetishes and keep them in her house. She also told us that the people in her village had tried to poison her because they were jealous of her success in raising peanuts and chickens. In village communal life, one must not show too much initiative or try to rise above one's fellows. In this intricate society, people are so enslaved that there seems no way out. Each attempt at freedom leads into a deeper slavery to sin. But for Mambu a Door was opened and she entered. The radiance on her face was enough to assure one that she had seen Him who said, "I am the Door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." That door is open for all. How true Mambu had found the verse that follows: "The thief cometh not, but for to steal and to kill and to destroy. I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

# *THE HOUSE OF BOOKS: SEQUEL*

BY ROSE UHLINGER

ONE night a big storm came. It rained and rained. The wind blew. It shook the dormitories where the boys were huddled around little fires in the middle of the dirt floor. Suddenly there was a crash and all rushed to the doors!

"The House of Books has blown down!"

That is an exerpt from a little true story entitled "Builders of Boko," put out at home as part of the literature for use in churches during Africa emphasis year. The story relates how the first school, of thatch, was built at Boko by thirty boys, two teachers, and Mr. William Robbins. Then the storm came and Boko's first school was no more. The next morning, after holding morning prayers out of door, the boys went into the woods for new beams, fresh thatch and fresh "string." As the story says, "Soon the new building was finished. Strong, straight and sturdy, no wind could blow this building over."

But Congo winds have a habit of doing the undoable, and two years later — and the day after a copy of the little story was received at Boko — an "orage" of almost hurricane violence crumpled the walls and the heavy beamed roof came crashing down. Fortunately school had been dismissed because of the rain and no one was hurt. Once more the excited boys came with water "running off their noses and ears" to report the catastrophy.

This time, though, they did not have to go out after more thatch and sticks. They simply salvaged the books from the debris and in a few days moved into a new cement block building which had just been completed; the first permanent school at Boko. The two large airy classrooms with cheery yellow walls, big blackboard, built-in book cupboards, and cement floors on which were arranged the rows of brand-new desks made in the mission "shop," were quite a contrast to the dingy thatch of walls and roof, and to the sticks pounded into the dirt floor which held up the rough boards serving as seats and desks, in the old building.

Some day there will be more units like the new one — enough to house all at one time ;classes won't have to be run in two shifts. For little by little Boko is becoming a permanent station — the people see that we mean to stay. There is a permanent administration building, used at present as a missionary residence. There are several cement block houses for Congolese personnel; one of which is being used as a temporary dispensary, another as a home for the woman missionary. A cement block shop is going up; soon a Missionary residence is to be built and it is hoped that in' 53 the permanent church may be started, to replace the one of thatch which lists a bit more with each wind.

These houses, however, are only the tools for a different kind of building enterprise; and none of that has been "just temporary." The Christian characters being "built" at Boko won't have to be renovated. They get stronger every year — we think most of them will stand the test of storm.

Before this article is printed the very first graduation exercises will be held at Boko. Under the gabled roof of the entry porch to the new school, which will serve as the platform, ten boys will receive their certificates and will go out to take their places in the Congolese world as witnesses for a new way of life. Two will enter a teachers' training school at Vanga. The two smallest, not so young, but their growth stunted by malnutrition, will go to Vanga hoping to enter Secondary school after a year of further study. One will be going, along with his *teacher*, to enter Institute Biblique at Kikongo. The others, we hope, will teach in our Regional schools out in the district. Thatched houses may fall before the winds, but as long as we can prepare and send out Bayaka youth to teach their people the Way of Life in Christ, no one can say that the Builders of Boko have not built well.

# *BUILDING A CHURCH*

Nzaila Pauline, E.P.I. Kimpese

THERE is a village where at first there was a church. Then it became old and was torn down. Ten years went by without a church in that village. When we went on vacation from Kimpese to that village we just had services out under a tree.

My husband tried to arouse the villagers to work with him and build a new church. They readily agreed and joyfully. Then my husband started to show them the way. He himself went into the forest to cut trees, and palm fronds and vines.

One day my husband said to me: "Today we will cut thatching grass for the church" He asked other women, too, to go, but they didn't go. So we went, just we two, to cut grass. From time to time my husband tried to get the villagers to help with building the church; they said nothing and did nothing.

My husband worked very hard. He worked every day, and during our whole vacation did no otherwork. Thus we didn't have any time to get together any money for ourselves because his thoughts were only for finishing the church, but the vacation was too short. Then when it was almost finished it was time for us to go back to E.P.I., Kimpese to school.

When my husband saw that only one week remained he called the villagers together and turned the almost finished church over to them. Ah! the villagers accepted it with great embarassment because they realized they had done nothing to help.

Then all of them, men and women, got together a gift for my husband because they realized that he hadn't had any chance to make any money for us to take back to school. It amounted to 200 francs. They called my husband and told him that it was help and thanks they wanted to give him, not pay. But he didn't accept right then. He came home and told me all about it, everything they had said. We realized then: If we accepted that money, then we are selling the House of God. Even though we had worked very hard, especially my husband, we refused to accept the 200 francs. The villagers tried in many ways to persuade us to take

the money but we only refused. They were embarassed and disappointed because they knew that we being in school needed money and that during the whole vacation we had not earned any. The last words of my husband to the villagers were these: "Now it is your job, you men and women, to finish building the church in this village."

When the day arrived we returned to E.P.I., Kimpese. After one week the villagers sent us this message: "The House of God is finished." Now they have a church in that village, even though it is only of mud with a grass roof.

How about you my friend, my brother, would you do likewise? And you, my sister, who has a husband who wants to do as my husband did, you should help him. Let us work with steadfastness and love to build the Kingdom of God in our land. Work diligently, you will have your reward in due time.

## *HERE AM I*

*I know I fail. I know too well*
*How dim my pathway, though how bright the lands*
*I vision; how errant are my feet.*
*Yet, I must strive; my soul commands.*

*The task ahead still beckons me.*
*It calls o'er lesser, transient joys and cares :*
*"You know the work that you must do !*
*Leave lesser aims, Prepare ! Prepare !*

*"Lose all you have and want and are.*
*Give now your gifts and let Him mold,*
*Mend, renew your all into His plan.*
*Then watch it. See His will unfold.*

*"You cannot win alone. Give God the task.*
*His power alone is equal to it all.*
*And, know this, ye of little faith,*
*Could He not use you,*
*Would He call ?"*

*— Emily Keyes*

# NEWS ITEMS

*Kimpese* — On Sunday, Nov. 2 a baptismal service was held : 3 married women, 3 school girls and 43 boys and young men.

Our little group of the Post Graduate Course have learned of "rivers of sorrow". Mbakani suffered the loss of his infant child a few weeks ago . Koli's little son has been for many weeks in a cast at the new hospital as a result of polio.

And this last week — one of the C.T. students himself — Dikundwakila was taken from us. In just a month he would have graduated. His station was looking forward to having him back again. But the Master had other plans for him. We miss him. He was a fine Christian, friendly to all. He usually stood at the top of the class and was always willing to do anything asked of him. Our sympathy goes out to his wife and three small children.

*Léopoldville* — The school inspector came the 22nd of September and stayed with us five days. It was a hard visit, but, on the whole satisfactory.

The Armstrongs were in the Kwango inspecting schools from the 16th of September to the 28th of October. The 9th of November they left for Banza Manteke to examine the schools there. We do not envy them their work, and wish they could stay home with us.

The final — and largest — gate of our school and church fence was added in August. That means that for the first time we have been able to have our Thanksgiving services without benefit of hecklers. What a luxury to be able to shut them out. We let in only about a thousand of our people and friends. Peace and quiet and worship was the result.

School graduation will be the 2nd of December. It is late so that the Armstrongs can surely be with us. The next day Reference Committee begins its mid-year meeting. The next Monday, the 8th, school ends for 1952 with the giving out of the report cards and of the dire news of those who have passed and those who haven't.

*Moanza*—The arrival of the Armstrongs early in October brought welcome fellowship to our small staff — as well as wise council. Burdens shared are always made lighter.

The 9th of October Ed Boone breezed in. We were all glad to welcome him back but wished that he and Janet had returned to rejoin our Moanza staff.

Late in September Dorothy Wiseman, while on a bicycle, collided with a goat resulting in a badly injured ankle. Crutches and kipoi have helped during the hectic days at the hospital with wards overflowing with patients. (Naomi, in a letter, expresses concern for the goat !)

The 18th of October Dr. Osterholm paid us a much needed medical visit. Fifty one operations in ten days overflowed our wards and bore its own witness to the healing ministry of our Master Physician. Doctor's message in song lifted the hearts of both Congolese and missionary.

The foundations are in and the walls starting up on the new hospital laundry-store room. Ted Bubeck the power behind the project.

Our three Kimpese men with their families finally arrived, being six weeks en route, and are being welcomed into our busy mission life. Two will be loaned to Central School for this coming year.

Plans are being completed for a Women's Conference here on the station early in December.

## *THE SECOND TOUCH*

*Dungeoned by self, we too besought His hand,*
*Our shuttered eyes to free.*
*His touch bestowed, — vast stricken crowds we scanned,*
*And guessed their misery.*
*Lord Christ, thy second touch our hearts demand,*
*Each separate soul to see, his wounds to salve, his wants to understand,*
*And lead him home to Thee.*

— SELECTED.

A REMINISCENCE — Reprinted from October 1926.

When Rochester Theological Seminary re-opened in 1922 after the summer vacation, two young men, strangers to each other, found themselves assigned to be room-mates. In the course of introducing himself, one of them remarked that he was a graduate of the Wharton School of Finance, Philadelphia. "What are you doing in Seminary, then ?" demanded the other. "It is a bit queer isn't it. But I fancy there will be a place for me on some Mission field or other. You know they need folks with a good many different kinds of training, and I'm hoping that about the time I get through here they will be looking for someone with just my combination, finance and theology."

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm in just the same fix myself. I finished a course in Civil Engineering before I came here. No one seems to know where they will ever want an engineer on the field but I feel pretty sure there will be a place somewhere."

And there was. One of the two was our Mission Treasurer until he had to stay at home for health reasons. The other is Dr. George Carpenter, who taught several years at Kimpese, built the hydro-electric plant at Banza Manteke, then went to Léopoldville and built the building which houses our Union Book Shop and Printing establishment — LECO. He has been manager of this for many years.

Today, the need is the same — we urgently need a Mission Treasurer, and one or more builders. The present staff can't begin to cope with the needs along this line.

## BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses*

BANZA MANTEKE
*via Matadi*†
Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Miss Esther Ehnbom, R.N.
Rev and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford
Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Wright

BOKO
*via Popokabaka et Inkisi*‡
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Uhlinger

KIKONGO *sur Wamba*
*via Banningville*‡
Miss Agnes Anderson, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown
Rev. and Mrs. Donald C. Niles
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

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Rev. Phyllis Benner

MOANZA *sur Inzia,*
*via Masi-Manimba*‡
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I. M. E. KIMPESE
*via Matadi.*†
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Miss Grace Cooper
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Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Miss Helen Gaskill
Miss Alice Jorgenson, R.N.
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Miss Emily Satterberg, R. N.
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins

### STUDY IN BELGIUM

Miss Madelyn Albrecht
Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Miss Virginia Hjertsedt
Miss Virginia Nickerson, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddl

### UNDER APPOINTMENT

Miss Margot Hakes

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*
† *All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi*
‡ *For air-mail add via Léopoldville.*